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A CHILD OF LOVE

CUMORAH · SMITH · BURNS

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To Mr. Axel Simonsen
With the Compliments of
the Author.
Emmorah Smith Burnes.

Dec 7th 1917.
Salt Lake City,
Utah.

A CHILD OF LOVE

BY

CUMORAH SMITH BURNS

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TO

MY MOTHER

MARY CATHERINE SMITH

Mother—thou hast kindly led me,
Through my life—ne'er taught to dread thee,
Thy sweet smile hath yearly soothed me,
Mother truly, time hath proved thee.
Thou hast watched from birth the molding
Of my life—a life unfolding
From a child to that of woman,
Oh, how constant thou hast proven!
Thou hast helped me bear all sorrow,
From thy heart hath bid me borrow
All its happiness to brighten,
Soothe my heart and grief enlighten.

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Mother—can I bear the parting,
When thy life eternal starting,
Parts us here and tears asunder
Hearts that grew as one? I wonder
Who could calm me then, dear Mother,
Who could soothe me, oh, none other;
Could I look beyond to thee, dear,
Hear thy voice—thy presence be near,
Ever guarding o'er me, keeping
Grief away and on me heaping
Joys thy heart would bid be mine, to
Make the Sun of Hope to shine through?
Mother, let me love thee daily,
Whilst thou livest, thou shalt sway me;
Let me live as thou hast bid me,
E'en when Death by claim hath hid thee,
From these eyes that seek thy training,
Ever from all wrong abstaining.
Mother, why must Death e'er call thee!
Mother, why must death befall thee!

LIFE'S STATUE

If sculptors had for models—Life,
And chiseled day by day,
Each hour, each year, the joy, the strife,
And artist's work display,
What would the statue's face portray?

And should we find our statue there,
And gaze into that face,
Would we regret the lines of care,
The grief with joy replace?
Oh, tell me, what would we erase?

A CHILD OF LOVE

I

"My name, my dear madam, is Doctor De Clue,
My duty (and pleasure) is to inform you,
That your operation is one day delayed;
Your doctor, dear madam, wants this news conveyed
To you, and desires (if I lack not the skill)
My message to brighten, to cheer and to fill
Your heart with a courage that grows with its beats,
To-morrow must find you with strength—Life competes
With Death—let me startle you not—no, not I?
Then pray laugh again ere I bid you good-by;
Let me feel that my message has done much to cheer
Your heart; that my words to you have quelled all fear
Of this operation you must undergo:
I thank you—your laugh seems to say to me, 'No,
I look for its happ'ning to bring to me health,
My young life knows naught of its blessings and wealth.' "

"Oh, were it to-morrow to-day, I'm prepared
To meet all the pain—e'en though Death stood and stared
At me—I should say, 'Oh, not yet shall I die!
This life shall have health—'twas not born just to sigh.' "
"I bid you good-by, God give strength to you my
Dear madam."
"Good-by, my dear Doctor, good-by."

II

This madam (oh, madam sounds too dignified,
This girl—oh, why girlhood a girl be denied!)
Sat motionless long after this interview,
Her own self she knew not—her heart seemed to woo
Her thoughts. To her cheeks the young blood seemed to leap,
The first rays of love in her soul seemed to peep,
Her heart's beats came faster, sent o'er her a thrill,
And then her heart's beats for a moment stood still.
This young girl sat dreamily thinking of one
Who had in her life just a few hours begun.

This love, so deep-rooted, within her heart stole,
Spoke whispers of love that awakened the soul.
If only Dame Reason could take by the hand
The heart and say to it, "Now do understand
The folly of loving this one or that, too,"
How well the wise heart it would then act and do,
But Love—how resistless we are to its power!
We suffer long lifetimes from hour to hour,
And e'en though we know its true meaning means grief,
We lack the resistance to foresee relief.
And a heavenly light came to brighten her eyes,
And a heavenly blue came to earth from the skies,
And the music of earth breathed a heavenly lay
That was caught by the strings of that love that day;
And the heavenly chords floated far, far away,
And caught the vibration of love in their play.
The music of love draws the heaven to earth,
When it touches the strings of our hearts, and gives birth
To love that will grow in our souls with our breath,
Till our last breath has left us—when God's will is death.

III

'Twas soon after Easter and soon after Lent,
Society hungered for this first event,
The ball at the club to be given that night,
By the Misses La Marge and a Mrs. John Dwight.
The madam (a widow about fifty-two,
Perhaps to say widow of forty would do,
But nevertheless whether forty or more),
She had a vast fortune—(I beg not to bore
You, reader, but this I must tell,
The madam was aunt to the girls, their Aunt Lell).
Her husband had died leaving all his estate
To his wife and her nephew and Mary and Kate;
Miss Mary was always Miss Mary, you see,
But Kate spelled her name with an "r—i—n—e."
The women had spent many weeks to prepare
Their gowns—just what trimming and jewels to wear.
"And what seems to ail you, dear Doctor, to-night?
Come, join us—Miss Katherine—and see, Mrs. Dwight,
She misses us—come, mingle with all the dancers,

Be quick, 'Doc'—the music has started the
lancers."
And the music! and women! Did ever you see
A picture of woman more perfect than she?
There was Katherine and Chadwick—they
waltzed o'er the floor,
And Bateman—his partner he seemed to adore,
And the nephew, La Marge—very much had
been said
That night and before, since the news had been
spread
That he and Miss Chatalaine Hall were to wed.
And the dancers—they danced until far in the
night,
And the last good-night lingered till dawn's
early light.

The pleasure itself is so often surpassed
By the sweet retrospection of it, when it's
passed,
And just so with sorrow—we live every day,
Our griefs and our sorrows—till they fade, fade
away.
The moon sweetly beaming, and this star and
that,
Not once saw the doctor as upright he sat
Beside a raised window. No light was within
This window to warn you that some one had
been

Too restless to sleep, so had taken a chair
And sat by the window to breathe the fresh air.
The pale face looked haggard and restless and worn,
His eyes had a stare as if tears had been torn
From out them—yet not the wild tears that are wet,
But tears that tear more by their dryness. And yet
The stars, one by one, bid the night an adieu,
And still the dear doctor, more restless he grew:
"O beautiful Woman—what will be your fate!
To-morrow will tell—until then must we wait.
O God, couldst Thou take from this earth one so fair!
O God, give the earth this one angel to share!"

IV

This dear girl, this madam, awoke with the dawn;
The darkness that covered the night was all gone,
The birds in their nests sang their songs to the morn,
In greeting of Day—with each day that is born.

The dew-caressed air from the window slipped
through
And fanned the young face as up nearer it
drew;
A stillness unbroken reigned over the earth,
As if it had failed to see morn in its birth.
By silence, held spellbound, she feared e'en to
wake,
Wake wider for fear this queer spell she would
break,—
A spell that dulls all sense of all that is real,
And from the heart's depths—all that's real will
conceal.
She lay thus half conscious of all else around,
She was not disturbed by another, no sound
Once broke the still quiet—she heard not one
moan
To tell her she was not in sickness alone.
The dawn passed away with the rise of the sun,
And then in the hall-way, a whistle blew one;
A nurse all in white quickly rushed past the
door,
And then back again where she had been before.
This whistle—what could its weird meaning
have meant!
A shudder of terror o'er her heart was sent,
She turned, gave a cough in relief to her fear,
And just in an instant the kind nurse stood
near.

"And how is my dear little patient," she said,
"This morning? Your cheeks are like roses so red,
You have not a fever, no one would suspect
That this little patient of mine must subject
Herself to the skill of a surgeon to save
Her life—poor child—oh, what health you must crave."
How often Death's clutch weaves about us in life,
And makes each year's living a struggle and strife,
And just when we're found on the brink of the grave,
There comes one to help us, so mighty and brave;
Yet Death feels its power so great and so strong,
It laughs at all efforts to make right the wrong,
But if it is baffled, it lurks off aside,
And smiles with a vengeance, and Health is defied
To linger not longer than Youth shall see fit,
And Death watches closely till Youth it sees flit
By, slowly at first, but the farther it goes,
The faster, until into Age this Youth grows.
And Death watches ceaselessly all through these years,
To step back again in this body of fears,

But though it's defeated in youth's younger life,
It's bound to be victor at last in the strife.
"I'm well, thank you, nurse, although health do I feign,
My young life has never been without its pain,
I've suffered long years—all through childhood, and now
I feel my heart heavy—a frown knit my brow,
No, no, nurse, not heavy with fear of to-day,
I mean to be brave—to be cheerful and say
To my dear physician and to you, dear nurse,
'I'm thankful for what is—it might have been worse.' "
The smile from the nurse as she washed the sweet face
And hands of her patient did much to erase
All fears the young patient might have kept withheld
Within her young heart. If a look had beheld
Far down in its depths and had seen it to be
The heart of a woman—what fear did it see.
With soft gentle strokes, the nurse brushed her hair,
The sun sent its beams to its goldness so rare,
Its looseness was held by a blue ribbon bow,
That watched the loose waves of the hair come and go.

"Oh nurse, ere you leave me, pray how shall I know
Just when comes the hour and the minute to go?"
"Just list for the whistle, and when it blows five,
Your doctor, dear patient, will just then arrive;
But pray do not worry, I'll not leave you long,
I'll stand right beside you, then naught shall go wrong."
And with a light laugh the dear nurse closed the door,
And left the young girl all alone as before.
The whistle, she heard whistle one, sometimes two,
Her heart gave great leaps as the time nearer drew;
She took up her diary and tried to record
The last few days' happ'nings—her thoughts she had stored
Within her—she tried vainly to write them down,
But something resisted—her eyes drooped a frown,
'Twas something recorded down deep in her heart,
'Twas something she could not to diary impart.
There are thoughts that a heart very often possesses,

That remain unobserved in its deepest recesses,
There are moments when love-thoughts are often recorded,
Far down deep in our hearts where no view is afforded.
She closed the dear book, her companion for years,
To whom she'd confided all joys and all fears,
The pencil fell listlessly down on the floor,
And at that same moment the nurse oped the door.
"Your mother and sisters (if I am quite right)
Desire to be with you—you may now invite
Your husband in also to see you once more,
No, no, my dear child—no, not five—it blew four."
The mother gazed earnestly into the face
Of one she had raised from the cradle, to grace
Of womanhood—now as if torn from her heart
Her child—and in tearing left ragged and raw
The heart of this mother as she gazed and saw
Her daughter. She never had seemed quite so dear
As when the clock's ticks brought the time close and near.
The husband drew back, just to keep back a tear,
They all spoke of courage, though ladened with fear.

"I wonder what time it is, nurse, it seems late,
The time passes slowly to one who must wait,
For my own amusement you must all contrive."
Just then in the hall-way, the whistle blew five.
Each face spoke its thoughts, words were useless to frame,
A smile o'er the tears of each face sadly came,
The nurse took the hand of her patient and said,
"This way dear"—as up the stairs she kindly led.
The nurse stood beside her as she entered in
This room all in whiteness where Health was to win
In battle with Death, and she felt oh! so brave,
And knew the skilled doctors her young life would save.
She lay on a couch, the nurse holding her hand,
And then came a doctor in white to stand
Beside her a moment. She watched the white cap
He wore on his head—her soft eyes seemed to sap
More strength from his strength—he then placed o'er her face
A mask of the ether, and soon into space,
She seemed to be flying, her ears ceased to hear
All sounds from this earth, and sweet sleep, soothed her fear.

V

Far off in the distance a low muffled roll
Of thunder came pealing; the lightning stole
In, just for an instant as if it had seen
All earth's secret corners in one second's gleam.
The rain, it fell gently, serenely and slow,
Contented to let its rain-drops gently flow,
The air, wet and gloomy, yet peaceful and mild,
Reminded one not of a storm fierce and wild.
The flashes of lightning more vividly came,
And each flash of lightning made earth more aflame,
The noise of the thunder increased in its might,
Devoid of its lightning—the day turned to night.
If ever the earth seemed to sob and to cry,
It spoke its emotion this day in a sigh.
The mother and sisters and husband remained
Alone in the waiting-room—silence proclaimed
The greatness of each one's suspense as in thought
Each one lived in doubt of the news to be brought.
A clock in the corner measured the time,
Its pendulum swung with a meter and rhyme
That measured precisely, though slowly it swayed

To this side and that, the time was not delayed.
As out of the window they mournfully gazed,
Their hearts for a moment were painfully dazed,
They saw a large wagon drive up to the door
And take one away, one in death evermore.
Just then came a nurse, and to husband she said,
"You're wanted up stairs"—and the way she then led,
And soon he returned, the glad tidings to give
To mother and sisters—"My wife—she will live!"

VI

Some few days had passed and each day bestowed gain,
The nurses did much to alleviate pain,
The doctor each morning came to her bed-side,
To learn her condition and to nurse confide
In medical terms all the causes of this
Or that. To the patient, this meaning to miss,
Was cause of much wonder—but less her alarm,
If she knew no cause for what might do her harm.
The nurse, in and out, throughout all the long day,
First felt her pulse-beats as a watch open lay
Upon a small table that stood just beside

Her bed; then in under her tongue she would hide
A little glass tube that had figures to tell
The height of her fever and if all were well.
The nurse served for breakfast a small piece of toast,
And said, "Now have patience and soon you'll have roast
Of beef, mashed potatoes, all else you desire,
But for a few days, of your fare do not tire."
Each day from a friend came a lovely bouquet,
Each flower spoke the thoughts of the giver that day,
And sweet is the sentiment sent by the rose;
Oh, tell me if ever a flower grows,
That failed to express by its beauty or scent,
The feeling the giver in sending it lent.
"And so these are emblems of friends, I presume,
Two friends, perchance more, to each flower in this room."
"Oh, yes, but my friends do not wither and die
As these poor dear flowers do—it makes my heart sigh
To see their heads droop in their beauty and prime,
Oh, would all could live—all that is so sublime!"
"But sometimes a wish of that kind will come true,

We know God is everywhere, e'en in the dew
That brightens the roses in earth's early dawn,
And then in the rain when the dew-drops are gone,
And sometime I'll tell you a story, my dear,
It's old, very old, but I want you to hear
This story of love."
"Love is never so old,
But that it is sweet whenever it's told."
"Suppose I should tell you a story that's true,
And tell you—there once was a woman I knew,
That I prayed might live—in prayer I gave vent,
And God seemed to pity me—life He lent;
He left the dear angel to me, in my care,
With her, my heart's blood, to save her I would share,
Her life is my life, though I never can claim,
Oh, would I could give to this woman my name!"
"But Doctor De Clue, will you tell me the name
Of this woman fair, and do tell me how came
This woman to weave herself into your heart,
To live, as you say, in your life ne'er to part;
Of women there're many now under your care,
Pray, tell me, pray, who is this woman so fair,
To me do confide, I'll lock up in my heart,
The secret to me that you may trust to 'part."
"This woman—she looks through your eyes soft and blue,

This woman—she speaks with your voice sweet
and true,
This woman—she hears with your ears when I
say,
I love her—love truly, my love will not sway,
This woman—she smiles when your face sends
a gleam
Of sunshine to where the sunshine needs to
stream,
This woman—who down in my heart tightly
grew,
This woman—O Woman—this woman is you."
A blush quickly crept to the cheeks of this girl,
Her hair, in its pity, dropped one golden curl
To cover her eyes as they drooped low and gazed
At what, she knew not, her sweet thoughts
seemed so dazed.
The doctor with fondness picked up the white
hand,
And said to his patient,—"I do understand
That I have alarmed you, your pulse beats in
fear
Like some beating heart of a bird, sweetheart
dear.
This morn when I saw you, I could not resist
To tell you I love you—though now I insist
That you must me pardon for all I have said."
He gazed as he spoke on the cheeks flushed and
red.

His pardon was granted—she looked in his eyes,
And each looked beyond each one's eyes:—as love flies
From one to the other, no words need be spoke,
A silence in love is best left—left unbroke.
And the story of love—whenever it's told,
Is sweet when it's new—and sweet when it's old.

VII

When love first awakes in the soul of a heart,
And far down within its depths, love's fire starts,
We watch the flames flicker, burn slowly at first,
And then the fire leap as the flames fiercer burst.
We try, but in vain, their wild fury to doom,
We watch the wild flames as the heart they consume,
We call, cry for help, but none come to our aid,
They all stand aside,—awed by fear and afraid.
The fire runs its course, leaves the heart a red coal,
To burn with its beats far down deep in the soul,
But though it's a torch, fear no fire will e'er start
To leap up again in the ruins of this heart.
This love he had whispered made her sadly feel,
That all of life's happiness was the unreal;

Her wild dreams of love she from childhood had framed,
Were now hung before her; oh! could she have claimed
The picture she saw now beyond her heart's grasp,
Her eyes just to look on, not hers to clasp.
Her frail body shuddered and quivered within,
The gate-way to heaven showed Grief was to win,
She felt the gates close against her young sweet life,
That she until death was another man's wife!

One morn as she lay in a slumber to rest,
Two snowy-white hands falling o'er her white breast,
A smile o'er her face in her sleep softly crept,
That lighted her face to a glow as she slept.
The doctor stole noiselessly to her bed-side,
He watched the sweet rays o'er her face softly glide,
Enchanted he gazed on the vision so fair,
And soon her eyes opened, her smile still was there.
"Now, tell, inasmuch as I've watched your sweet rest,
Pray, tell me the dream that brought joy to your breast,

Your heart has a right when it's dulled by a sleep,
To live as it would, its heart's pleasure seek."
"I pray you to list and I'll try to narrate,
The dream filled with bliss I shall try to relate
To you, if with patience you'll promise to wait
Until from beginning to end I state.
I dreamed I, in search of more health, went away,
Away to the South for a month to stay,
When lo! at the same hotel I made my home,
I met you, dear Doctor, you sought health to roam.
One day in the parlor as I sat to play
A strain of sweet music, all grief to allay,
You listened beside me, my heart I unfurled,
And it seemed to me as if I had the world.
But dreams are but dreams based upon the unreal,
There's always a heart will another heart steal,
And bask in the love that is always denied,
And all its heart's love it will truly confide."
Oh, sleep, gentle heart, if in slumber you find,
The joys of your heart that will round your eyes bind
A veil of love's happiness to keep away
The vision of grief that is with you by day.
The nurse, with her chart, came to do what she could

To assist the dear doctor; beside him she stood,
He glanced o'er the paper and said with a smile,
"My patient may sit up to-day for awhile."

VIII

A week more passed by and with it brought the day
That brought to a close the brief hospital stay;
The nurse helped her dress, and then out in the hall
She sat by a window, reflecting of all
Within the last month that had taken place;
In sad retrospection she gazed into space.
The doctors in turn came to read the report
Each chart had recorded,—a nurse would escort
Occasionally, if the case were severe,
And whispers of worry the dear girl would hear.
The trees were all budding—'twas May—it was spring,
The sun and the rain did their duty to bring
The blossoms that lent to the air their perfume,
And covered the earth in a garden of bloom.
The rain fell to bathe the green foliage new,
That was not yet conscious of its relieved dew;

The work of the birds was now being delayed
On nests they were building, on homes to be made.
"And why such a look of depression this morn?
Can not brighter thoughts from such sunshine be born?
Because it is gloomy and gray all without,
Is no reason why you should look so devout.
Ah! there! that is better, 'tis best you should look
With smiles,—it is true your dear face is a book
That discloses all, should one closely it scan;
I find it a pleasure to read what I can."
"Quite true, but true also, you must not expect
To always find sunshine, if sun will neglect;
If sun hides its rays from us e'en for a day,
There're bound to be shadows o'er our bodies play.

"Supposing the flowers in the garden
Were the warmth of the sun denied,
Would they bloom with their beauty and fragrance,
As they would were the rays imbibed?

"Supposing it left them at twilight
And never returned with a dawn,
Would there be any life to the roses,
If the light of the sun were gone?

"Would they fade on their stems in the nighttime,
Would the dew gather round them and pine,
Would the drops be the tear-drops lamenting
For the withering roses' decline?

"Would the wind rustle through the dead petals
And waft the sweet scent to the skies,
As the soul of the rose flew to heaven,
When the wail of the breeze spoke its sighs?

"And like unto us are the roses,
And like unto love is the sun,
And many a heart dies and withers
Ere scarcely its life has begun.

"And sad are the tears in this twilight,
That fall o'er the petals of life;
And sad are the breezes that ruffle
The memories of sorrow and strife.

"And sad is the dirge the wind murmurs,
As o'er the loose leaves the breeze blows;
When Nightfall brings death, all that lingers
Is the perfume the sun gave the rose.

"To-day I must leave you, I must say good-by,
No longer your patient, the time has drawn nigh,
When one path divides that in life chanced to meet,
Divides off in two as before, and both fleet,
Each one in its course, that grows wider and makes
No chance of their meeting again when it breaks."
"But no—speak not so—I shall watch your dear path,
E'en though I must follow, be your aftermath;
I could not see you go to left or to right,
Unless I, too, followed you, on in your flight.
Oh, pray, will you grant me the privilege to see
You once in a while, in your sweet presence be?
Ah! just to enfold you close unto my breast,
And there on my bosom your sweet head to rest,
To drink with my eyes, as in your eyes I look,
The love that's as endless as some flowing brook!

To kiss your sweet lips and with that kiss to say,
'I love you, my darling, by night and by day,
I love you, believe me, your love is my goal,
Love with all the passion of my heart and soul!'
Ah! just to take you in my arms, child so fair,
And let my heart beat for you, all your despair,
All anguish and grief from your heart to release,
Though madam you are—you are my dear Chlorice!"
"Nay, nay, speak not love, lest my heart you will kill,
I feel my heart burst as with love you fill
Its depths with the love it now always shall crave,
And kill at the same time it shall try to save.
Though eyes that are mine, I must blind from their view
All visions of love I might see when you woo;
My heart must not hear when my ears hear you say,
'I love you, love truly, by night and by day.'"
"O child, thus to part from me, you can not know
How my poor heart aches,—I can not let you go;
Oh, could I but linger forever by you,

To gaze in your face and the whole world to
view!
To love you makes lighter each day's weary
tasks,
The whole world is you, 'tis your love my
heart asks,
Oh, tell me, dear woman, that you will not
part
From me, now so lonely, since Love waked my
heart."
"Oh, why bid my heart to speak what it would
say,
I can not in words my own feelings portray;
Each day, as it comes, ushers in its day's fate,
None can see ahead—each one must watch and
wait.
Ah! better, far better I never had heard
Your wild words of love, for the hearing has
stirred
My heart to cry out for you. I must deny
My heart all its love, I must smother its cry.
Oh, hush—hush—this love, you have fanned
into flame
Must fade back to embers again whence it
came."
"But why must you smother the love born
within
Your heart?—if to love you is sin—then I sin,
And could not do otherwise, e'en if I would;

Chlorice—love creates all that's great and that's good.
It wipes away evil and makes men of men;
To tell of its power—no pencil or pen
Could sketch to reflect it all over again.
To claim you as mine and to hold to my breast
My sweetheart—my wife—ah! dear, were I so blest,
The sun could cease shining, I never should miss
The warmth of its rays, if God granted me this.
Ah! let me but nourish one sweet ray of hope,
Its light ever shining to lead when I grope
Through life, ever seeking to be by your side,
And seeking your love, e'en though love be denied.
This light, dear, could guide me to you in my dreams,
Through day and through night it could send its sweet gleams
Out far in the darkness, until unto me
The soft rays would shine and your sweet face I'd see.
To claim you as wife and as mother of mine,
Oh, God!—e'en in dreams—oh, such dreams are divine!"
"No, no, I must follow the path Fate gave me,
Must walk in its boundary, none other must see,
Though others are strewn from beginning to end

With the sweetest of roses, not one must they lend.
There are two kinds of sorrow, their source is the same,
They rise in the heart when the heart is aflame;
The gate-way to one leads us on to believe
That love is for everyone—fools alone grieve.
The other—its gate-way is dismal and lonely,
And few ever enter it—one by one only.
And one or the other we each one must choose,
We ne'er can retrace, though we win or we lose;
And oh! what compares to the sorrow of sin!
In virtue there's recompense, suffer to win:
To conquer ourselves is the greatest of all
The conquests before us—to lose is to fall."
"Sweet angel from heaven—I suffer to part
From what I desire most of all; my poor heart
Must relinquish all hope—I shall crush at your will,
All feelings I hold in my heart—I must kill.
But let me this chain clasp around your white throat,
Let this golden heart to you, my own heart quote,
And say to you always—'I love you—love you,
And on until death I shall ever be true.' "
"This gift I will cherish—I'll list to its voice,

And when its heart speaks, then my heart will
rejoice;
My heart need not speak, it can just list and
hear
The love in my heart as it rests close and near."
"God bless you forever, and help me to care
For my sweetheart darling, and help me to bear
The grief of this parting—in duty find peace,
And now I must say to you—'Good-by, Chlo-
rice.' "

IX

If we were born blind, not accustomed to light,
Our hearts would find joys in the darkness of
night;
If we were born deaf, not accustomed to sound,
The sweet notes of nature, the harmony found
Throughout the whole universe, oh, tell me this,
If we were born deaf, then what would our
hearts miss?
The blessings of life, to recount them are many,
Oh, what are the blessings withheld, are there
any?
If any there are, let their sweetness be blown
Beyond us—the blessings denied us ne'er known.
Oh, tell me, was ever a perfume so sweet
That failed to entice—by its fumes meet defeat?

Or sounds from a sweet-stringèd instrument play
That failed to enchant by its mystic lay?
The grass, in the spring, though we cover with sod,
Will burst forth anew to its sunshine, its God;
The rain falls to earth to be drawn back again
To heaven, to fall back to earth once again;
And the valley of earth in its rich garb of bloom
Is nourished by rain that the sun's rays consume.
Did ever God turn from the wild-rose or clover
Or dandelion, sunflower, the whole wide world over,
To nourish more fully the lilies or roses
That stand more majestic than these sweet wild posies?
Were seeds ever scattered in earth's fertile soil
To listlessly linger in sod to despoil?
Or, crushed in their bursting, denied their existence,
Did ever a seed from its God meet resistance?
Then, why should we quell all our feelings of love?
We are what we are from our God up above,
Or below—or beside—wherever God is,
Our feelings are God's—our beings are His.
Then, why we resist—do we think that man,

This subject of God's, can do more than He
can?
We love, and we must—to love is God's will,
God granted us love—then our mission fulfill.

The next few years brought about many vast
changes,
Chlorice went abroad, from the West's moun-
tain ranges,
To study her music—to give her whole thought
To art—to become world renowned—thus she
sought
Diversion from sorrow—thus sought to fill
The emptiness felt in her bosom, and kill
The feelings she cherished, yet dared not let
bloom,
For fear they in blooming, her soul would con-
sume.
She studied most earnestly, year after year,
With masters of Europe. To see and to hear
Her play was like poetry, to eye and to ear.

One late afternoon came a note in which read,
"Chlorice, I am ill, I can not leave my bed;
My place at the concert to-night you must fill."
Her heart, as she read, for the moment stood
still.
"My carriage will call for you promptly at
eight,
Enclosed is a program—the numbers to state."

She trembled bewildered, she walked to and fro,
She read—then reread—as the sun setting low
Reminded her time was fast flitting away,
And Time never lengthens the night or the day.
How often the goal of our life is attained
Unnoticed by us, the headway we've gained
By struggles untiring is often concealed
From us, till the fruit of our work is revealed,
As streams from the mountains flow down to the creek
To rush madly on to the ocean they seek;
And then—oh, I wonder what wild ecstasy
Is felt at the meeting when streams meet the sea;
Or do they so blend when the waters unite
That each fails to realize the great ocean's might?
As air fails to outline the sweet flower's perfume,
So seas fail to outline the streams they consume.

The concert, when women that night assembled,
Bejeweled and gorgeously gowned, resembled
The sparkling stars on a midsummer's night,
The great admiration of all to invite.
Each woman was crowned with a halo of hair
That glistened from under the light's brilliant glare,

Each gesture, each movement, sent forth a perfume
As odors arise from a flower-bed in bloom.
Refinement and culture is often detected
By perfumes that waft at their will unprotected,
By baby-kept women whose every breath stirs,
Enchants while it speaks of the elegance theirs.
The audience sat in a dreamy composure,
Like dawn softly breaking the bright day's disclosure;
Each one knew that "Madame Chlorice" was to play,
The papers had published the program that day.
Reporters and critics and masters attended
To censure or praise, as the case recommended:
And the curtain crept peacefully up to reveal
The stage with its large Steinway Grand. One could feel
A sweet touch of harmony in its portrayal
Of beauty and art, hand in hand. Who denies
That beauty appeals to the heart through the eyes!
Our ears absorb pleasure when list'ning to art,
But oh! how it multiplies down in our heart,
When imprints are taken of sound by our ears,
Increased tenfold more as the vision appears.
Did ever you watch for the outlines of grief
Revealing one's soul? As the pencil-writ leaf

Reveals to the reader the heart's silent crying,
The grief-written face speaks its heart without trying.
And oh, how it strengthens! how strangely magnetic
The influence felt in a manner pathetic,
Arousing the good in our hearts sympathetic.
Chlorice was a woman by now—all these years
Had added new charm to her manner by tears;
She graciously bowed, and then taking her seat
She sat, and the vision itself seemed complete,
But oh! when the sweet strains of music were heard,
Each strain found response in the hearts it had stirred,
As if it had sought to uncover some aching
Withheld in their hearts, till their hearts were nigh breaking.
Her eyes had a dreamy, a lulling expression,
Disclosing a feeling of heartfelt depression,
As if in her heart lay the script she were playing,
Revealed through her eyes to her hands—soul displaying.
Each number she played held her listeners in thrall,
Their moods changed with hers—she seemed to install

Throughout the vast audience, a circuit of feeling,
Uniting as one as their hearts felt it stealing.
And when she had finished, a strangely weird spell
Still lingered long after the curtain fell.
Oh, tell me, does fame ever crush the wild flame
Of love?—are our hearts ever after the same?
And Madam Chlorice idly dreamed her dreams,
And the moon softly sent through her window its beams,
Revealing the heart clasped around her white throat,
And these are the words that it heard its heart quote,
As she dreamed—idly dreamed—"I love you—love you,
And on until death, I shall ever be true."

X

The world, the world over, is made up of sections,
And circumstance casts us, it dictates directions;
The rich build a wall with their gold—they must be

Exclusive, 'tis circumstance, not courtesy,
That carries them on through the river of life,
Regardless of merit, regardless of strife.
The men, the most learned, care little for store,
They seek and they delve and they wish to learn more,
They hunger for knowledge, they care less for station,
For station is gauged by our social relation.
Perhaps in this section, we might class the artist,
The sculptor, musician, the flutist, the harpist,
Pianist or singer—a talent developed
Lends worldly environment to all enveloped.
Its spell will extend to all stations, its gates
Ope wide to uplift, where its spell penetrates.
The section of indolent—without any aim,
They live—they exist—what is theirs to acclaim?
They die without leaving a worldly inscription,
There is nothing to offer the world as description.
They spring from the dust, and to dust they decay,
What memory is left of them?—all—passed away.
The section of circumstance—many expire
Whose temperaments cry for environments higher;

They struggle resistlessly on to attain
Their goal, but conditions will hinder their gain.
If gold could be used to uplift all deserving,
To rightfully place them in sections, thus serving
To make more harmonious its system—oh, then,
The rich would not be the most worshiped of men.
A vine, growing close to a tree, sweetly clung
Around it—the vine and the tree both were young,
And each grew and grew—the vine clinging tighter
Each day, till the vine almost burst. But brighter
And brighter the rays of the sun seemed to shine
To nourish them both—the tree and the vine.
At last the tree yielded, absorbing and hiding
The vine in its bark—in its heart thus abiding.
But its vines sweetly bloomed o'er the branches at will
Throughout the long summer. Its odor would fill
The air with its scent; enveloped—yet free,
The sweet honeysuckle enclosed in a tree.

The long dreary winter had passed and made way
For spring. And the valley! oh such a display
Of bloom! Do you wonder that birds sang so sweetly
The while they were building their nests, so completely
Obscuring from view in the leaf-laden tree,
Their homes. And the cackling hen and the bee
That buzzed here and there seemed to say, "Spring is here,
Build homes for your loved ones, 'tis spring of the year!"
The valley was fenced by a huge wall of mountains,
Their snow-laden peaks to the valley were fountains
That flowed to the creeks in the canyons to be
Consumed by the river that led to the sea.
'Twas spring of the year—all the parties and teas,
Society dinners were now memories
And bygones—for now everything must begin
Anew—for 'twas spring!—women's hats were akin
To gardens of roses—all thoughts were now turned
To Nature. Did ever you open your eyes

And watch Nature's coloring of earth and of skies?
A trip to some canyon to stay for the day,
And cook on a rock pile, and through the brush stray
To chop down the driest for fuel—then to find
A place to serve breakfast. Spring trips of this kind
Were planned. To the country, away from the world,
To live next to Nature, in beauties unfurled,
To breathe the fresh air so invigorating,
To list to the robin and meadowlark sing.
O Spring! just to feel your warm breath, we assume
New life like the trees yearly bursting to bloom!
The Chadwicks had built them a home near the creek,
In one of these canyons, and never a week
Would pass from the starting of summer till fall,
Without it was filled with the family, or all
The friends of the family—it never remained
Unoccupied. Once for a week they invited
As guests a few friends. Everyone was delighted
To go. Oh! such pleasure to linger and rest
Midst mountains and shrubbery! The Chadwicks possessed

Vast acres of land which were fenced in and hidden
From others, all trespassers strictly forbidden.
Their house stood on stilts to protect it each year
From floods. Oh, how soothing and lulling to hear
The stream as it passed, never ceasing its song
Since first it began its sweet lullaby long!
The bed-rooms consisted of five, each containing
A bed, sometimes two, built secure; space remaining
Was furnished with tables and chairs, roughly made
Of boxes. On walls there were pictures displayed
From some magazine; then the rafters o'erhead
Were used to hang clothing—perhaps o'er some bed
A gun in its case lent a crude decoration,
Awaiting to go for a hunt's recreation.
The landing which led from the stairs from below
Was used for a store-room for trunks—there a row
Of shelves built for bedding was stationed. At night
An old-fashioned lantern was used to give light.

Down stairs was the dining-room,—off in a corner
Was built a board couch; some artistic adorner
Had finished the work left to him by just adding
A cover—excelsior furnished a padding.
Here numerous pillows lent comfort and ease
For loungers who lounged at their will. A cool breeze
Gained entrance from wide-open windows and doors,
And danced unpolluted o'er uncovered floors.
A table extended the length of the room,
Surrounded by benches—a cupboard, a broom,
A rough cobble grate and a chair, here and there,
Completed this room. Then the kitchen,—a chair,
A table, a range and a sink—well in fact,
There was nothing for comfort and ease that it lacked;
A porch at the back leading down to the stream,
To camp-chairs and hammocks where some little beam
Of sunshine peeped through where the willows permitted,
And playfully teased where its gleams were admitted.
Would ever a desert be barren if we

Could gaze on its waste and some real dear
friend see?
Far better a desert with dear friends around,
Than be in a garden, if friends were not found.
And oh! such a party of friends! Mrs. Dwight
Seemed mother to all: many homes were made
bright
By her,—yet her name was withheld. She
would give
The needy—in giving that others might live.
To recount all the blessings that money bestows,
If placed in a loom woven there as it grows,
Would burst in our hearts a desire to relieve,
As we watched the good deeds held with gold, in
the weave.

'Twas June—as they all sat around the camp
fire,
Each one was to tell of his greatest desire;
Beginning with Katherine, she said: "Let me
keep
The blessings I have—let me profit and reap
The good from their harvest—I ask for no
more."
"My wife has expressed my own feelings, there-
fore
As hostess and host, our desires are the same,"
Said Chadwick—as gently he kissed her. The
flame

Was losing its warmth and its brilliancy, too,
For need of more fuel—"Wait one moment, De Clue,
This wood is much drier—there, now—speak in turn,
La Marge, it is you—while we watch the fire burn."
"Desire often leads us to regions unknown,
Except to ourselves, like the seed that has blown
Away from the flower that withered and died
To give it existence. How often we've tried
To smother desire that found birth in our hearts,
But found it quite useless; whenever it starts,
It patiently lingers—awaiting a chance
To mix with the soil." With a smile and a glance
At Chatalaine Hall, now his own dear wife,
He moved and sat down just beside her, "My life!"
He whispered, and for a few moments in thought,
They all seemed to drift—watching flames.
"'Tis my lot,
My turn now I believe—to try to express
My greatest desire—I'm confused, I confess;
Had I spoken at first, it might have been this,
'A bachelor's den would contain Bateman's bliss,

An old-fashioned pipe and a loose smoking-jacket,
With no one around to create a fierce racket;'
But now I can picture what's better—a wife,
In place of that pipe and my bachelor life."
"You're right," shouted Chadwick, "no joy is complete
Without a sweet helpmate;" then moving the seat
Away from the fire, each one sat down again,
To learn more about the young bachelor's den.
"I fear you might ridicule, if I should state,
That often desires come to one, when cruel Fate
Prevents their attainment. My last trip abroad,
I listened to music; an angel of God,
I believed her to be, so divinely she played.
She lifted the veil from my soul, and I prayed
For one long eternity, hearing such song!
But, oh, such eternities never are long.
Since then I have cherished a higher ideal,
Have hungered for something that song made me feel.
But, pardon me, friends—let me add to the fire
Some brush, while we list to the next one's desire."
"Now what could one wish for," said Mrs. De Clue,

Who sat next to Bateman—"What else could one do,
But wish to behold this fair creature—revealing
A glimpse into heaven, to waken one's feeling—
My greatest desire, just at present, is this.
But may we not ask you the name of this Miss?
'Twill help to subdue this desire you have stirred,
By knowing the name of this artist you heard."
" 'Twas 'Madame Chlorice'—she is billed to appear
The last day of June—the time is quite near;
The event will exceed every anticipation.
The pleasure is mine, if my solicitation
Prevails, and we go in a party. Allow
Me first to invite everyone—so now
I await you to say, 'We will all go to hear
This "Madame Chlorice." ' "
"Frank Bateman! I fear
Your bachelor heart has been pierced through and through
By one who is 'Madam,' " said Mrs. De Clue.
"Now, Mary," said Katherine, "don't judge too severely,
You know that a bachelor's heart is pierced yearly,
So what need it matter, though 'Madam' or 'Miss,'

Each dart with its sting must administer bliss:
However, we thank you, and all hope to go."
They all moved away from the fire burning low,
And went to the house near the creek to retire,
Without hearing everyone's greatest desire.
But a fire that had smoldered for years had
been stirred,
And many a sigh in that heart the night heard.
"Ah! what is the use of it all?" was his sigh;
"I cry for you, only to hear back my cry;
I watch for you only to watch on in vain;
'Tis maddening!—my soul and my heart, glad-
ness feign.
To look! just to gaze upon what I desire!
To hear!—just to list—oh! my soul is afire!
I know this, that somewhere in this mighty
world,
That song by some singer is being unfurled;
'Tis caught by my heart in its innermost feel-
ing,
And held in its depths—its vibrations appealing
For love—yet I hopelessly try to resist,
Crying the while for these waves to desist."
As strings of a lyre when in motion start
The strings that the waves of vibration impart,
So hearts seek their harmony from one another,
And nothing can silence the heart-wave or
smother
The beautiful, heavenly, mystic lay,
That sings from one heart to the other's play.

XI

Did ever you gaze far away into space,
And ever before you see one fleeting face;
Gaze down in the depths of a sweet-blooming
flower,
And find something missing that charms by its
power?
Did ever the perfume that scented the air,
From some fragrant blossom, with its beauty
rare,
Leave wanting in something this craving to
calm,
This longing be unappeased—e'en by a psalm?
Did ever, when gazing at some lofty peak,
Or while through some canyon, your restless
heart seek
A something from something to make more
complete,
This something that's wanting in every heart's
beat?
Did ever the wind of your loneliness wail?—
Did ever the sun try to cheer you and fail?—
To shine when its sunshine brings roses to
bloom,
And e'en then its brightness be shadowed by
gloom?
Oh! what do we miss that is wanting in all,

It's love—naught but love can this beauty install;
It's love that makes clover as rich as the rose,
And gives to the earth all their beauty bestows.
A home is a home if a heart therein dwells,
The story of love, its walls hear as one tells
One's love for the other, each day to repeat
This story that never seems quite complete.
The flowers woo—if this love exists,
All nature coos—there is nothing resists,
The eyes see this love e'en in sadness and grief,
And cling to this love, for in it there's relief;
But what of the home where the heart is alone,
Alone—yet surrounded by many—grief grown
Within it—how hard we find it to deceive
Our hearts—though in trying we try to relieve.
We laugh—we assume—hide our tears with a smile,
E'en though our hearts burst and are breaking the while;
We watch our lives pass swiftly slipping away,
It makes us cherish them more day by day.
As days grow to months and the months grow to years,
We see our lives wasting in sorrow and tears;
We look for a future to bring to us hope,
Our hearts, for their love, we see them wildly grope,

We watch for the love that responds with a thrill,
But still this same love we must kill, slowly kill.
Though joys upon joys are bestowed without measure,
There's something within seems bereft of the pleasure;
We laugh—and the echo resounds back a sighing
Of something that laughs—at the same time is dying.
Each day brings an outline of destiny ours,
Each year brings the grass and the fruit and the flowers,
And some Unknown Power, so mighty and great,
Guards over us all in our earthly state.
There is something instills in our bosoms their longing,
There is something that makes us resent our heart's wronging,
There is something within us that answers the call
Of something that's calling—oh, what is it all?
Did ever a rose from the hollyhock grow?
No, no, our Creator did not will it so,
And oh! when we yield to this calling, oh, then,
No outline shall sever the heaven from men!
The height of the rose-bud is never known,

Until it unfolds to the rose full-blown;
The sunflower's heaven is never gained,
Until its first glimpse of the sun is attained.
Was ever a flower denied its unfolding?
Was ever it crushed from its heaven beholding?
But buds never burst to their height in a day,
Or roots never fasten to earth's fertile clay
To gain, as they spread, yearly strengthening their clutch,
Protection the while, from some harmful touch;
But slowly and slowly the pendulum swings,
That measures the progress of Time to all things,
And the strength of the roots are never revealed
To us—under ground they are ever concealed.

'Twas August. Away from the city's great heat,
Surrounded and hidden by trees, in retreat
From noise and commotion, the summer house stood,
Of Doctor and Mrs. De Clue, called Kenwood.
Secluded from others, its beautiful grounds
Were parks in themselves, and the doctor's greyhounds
Seemed part of the beauty, and Sam, who had been
With Doctor De Clue since young manhood, was seen

To care for the lawn and the hedge and the flowers;
His touch was like magic—numerous bowers
Were found by the searching, that otherwise slipped
The eyes of observers. He constantly clipped
The hedge that surrounded the gardens, obscuring
From all passers-by any view, thus securing
Exclusiveness. Sam alone knew every nook
And corner; a guest with an interesting book
Was found very often by him, seeking rest,
Absorbed, undisturbed, in a rose-garden nest.
Aunt Manda was equally proud of the care
She gave to the house; her contributed share
Was just as essential to beauty. To tend
The airy-like rooms so their grandeur might blend
With flower-beds outside. There was always a guest
Of Doctor and Mrs. De Clue's seeking rest,
And Manda was always most willing to cater
To everyone's whim, providing not later
Than nine in the evening, for then she retired,
And nothing could bribe her to stay. She desired
A uniform way to perform every task,
And method to her was her all, and to ask
A change in the routine of daily affairs,

The sweeping and dusting of winding-stairs,
The washing and ironing and mending and baking
And scouring and scrubbing and daily bed-making,
Meant more to Aunt Manda than all the enjoyment
That could have been given her past this employment.
Her room in the attic, though hard polished wood,
Was covered from corner to corner with good,
Fine old-fashioned carpet, she sewed from old rags,
And then had it woven in stripes—here old Tags
Curled up in the corner to sleep every night
And purred there incessantly till the bright light
Was turned down quite low, for Aunt Manda was lost
Without a small lamp in her room, for the cost
Of light she considered extravagant—burning,
When one tiny lamp did as well. All learning
Derived from perusal of books after dark,
To her was mere wasting of means.
The park
Looked brighter that year than ever before

To Doctor De Clue. Were there blossoms more
That year that crept heavenward—or did his heart
Soar higher than all? Did the violets impart
To him this awakening—what thing met his gaze,
That passed on unnoticed by him, bygone days.
'Twas he alone knew why the earthly array
Seemed brighter, and wrought from his breast the long day,
From out the remotest recesses ideals
That flowed on incessantly. 'Tis love reveals
The light of the world to us all, or conceals
From us, if denied us, the mightiest gift
Of life, to make all things to heaven uplift.

In a sunny east room with its walls tinted blue,
With airy-like windows, where sunlight slipped through,
And soft, dainty draperies that soothingly lent
Intrusion at will of the rose-wafted scent,
Lay Madam Chlorice. She had been very ill
Of nervous prostration; in fact, not until
Her recent removal to Kenwood had she
Shown signs of improvement. Quite necessary
Was absolute quiet, nowhere to be found

Except at some far distant home, far from sound,
From daily routine of the city's great throng,
Where clatter and noise is the busy world's song.
For days she had lingered 'twixt life and death,
In state of exhaustion; her fevered breath
Bespoke her condition quite grave. She alone
Was wholly unconscious of kindnesses shown.
The days of her illness were plucked from her mind,
Condensed to one night—and waking to find
The morn's early sun just beginning to rise
To waken the earth to its worshipful cries,
As with the first breaking of night to the dawn,
A mist seemed to linger till night was all gone;
She heard voices round her, but failed to dis-distinguish
Their meaning, till Nighttime saw fit to relinquish
Its throne; then a veil o'er her eyes seemed to creep
To hide the first glimpse of the sun's brilliant peep,
That makes all things black when our eyes look away;
E'en when our eyes close, the reflection will stay.

And when she recovered her consciousness, then—
She thought she had lapsed to her sleeping again,
And dreamed she had entered a fairyland den,
Midst strangers by name, yet not strangers by deeds;
They all were good angels relieving her needs.
All strangers but one, and the power of his gaze
Waked Love from its slumber to dance in its rays;
Blindfolded her eyes with her eyelids and then,
Though blindfolded, see the reflection again
Rise out from her soul like a fountain that springs
From mountains and flows on for ages and sings,
Its waters exhaustlessly flowing the while,
Since first it burst forth from its source; and his smile
Was wine that had crept to her veins, madly rushing
To leap to her lips, to her cheek it was blushing;
And swifter and swifter it wended its way,
Leaping from here and from there in its play,
And madly coursing till wine-drops burned,

To be in her lips when the smile she returned.
"Now, Manda, take care of Chlorice, when I go,
For Mary and Katherine and I wish it so,"
Said Mrs. John Dwight, as they stepped in a cab
That Sam had in readiness. Brixon and Tab
Shone brighter than ever that morning, and pranced,
Awaiting the signal from Sam as they danced,
To carry their passengers down to the station.
All three journeyed West on their yearly vacation.
The gate at the entrance clicked back as they left,
And loneliness reigned for a moment. Bereft
Of Sam and the horses, Aunt Manda was lonely,
And Tags seemed to be her sole comfort, if only
She mewed for admittance and leaped to a chair,
Her presence meant much as she calmly sat there;
For Manda felt timid to be there alone,
With Doctor and Sam and the "Missis" all gone;
She softly crept up to the bedroom and said,

"I'm willin' to do what I kin," as she spread
The covers more smoothly and straightened
the while,
The shades so that each was the same. A
smile,
A nod, with a "Thank you," like magic erased
The fear from Aunt Manda, as she stood and
faced
Chlorice. "And I'm sure I'd be pleased to,"
said she,
"Whatever ye want ye kin jist call on me."
"I thank you, Aunt Manda; I'll try not impose
Upon you;" and women of culture are those
Who recognize everyone's rights—bear in mind
Their welfare, and willing to help all mankind.
Remember, that gems in their unpolished state,
Unpolished on surface have hearts innate,
And many a gem is cast on the tide,
Through failure to see to its innermost side.
And Manda wished she could always have care
Of Madam Chlorice—just her presence there
Enlightened her heart and the house and the
room,
And she feared, ah! too quickly the flame would
consume
The oil—then a darkness, a longing would
follow,
Making her heart and all Kenwood feel hollow.

And just in an instant, no longer it seemed
To Manda, and Sam had returned. His face beamed,
As proudly he drove the high-spirited team;
The care of these horses was Sam's highest dream.
'Twas noon by the time he had fed them their grain
And put on their blankets, rebraiding the mane
And tail of black Brixon, when Manda announced
That luncheon was ready, and Manda's pronounced,
Methodical ways were well known, so he knew
That Tab's mane and tail must hang loose. The cat's mew
Brought milk to her dish in the corner. For work
Was better to measure than do with a jerk:
A method resembled the spring of a clock,
To Manda a thing beneficial to mock.
At four she prepared for Chlorice some hot tea;
"No new-fangled way for Aunt Manda," thought she,
"Though August—who wants in their tea a sour slice
Of lemon to mingle with pieces of ice?"
"I left a few leaves in yer cup so I kin
Amuse ye by tellin' ye what hasn't been,

So turn yer cup over and turn it around
And wish, and I'll see what there is to be found,
But don't let me know what yer wishin'."
Chlorice
Half closed her blue eyes as she wished for
peace
Of mind—that no matter how thorny the path,
She might find reward in the aftermath.
Then Manda began after much hesitation,
"Yer goin' to hear from a distant relation,
He's goin' to write ye a letter and tell
Ye somethin' ye'll hear long before.—Well!
Well!
I see ye as plain in a flower-bed—look here,
Yer right in the center—that's good luck, my
dear;
Somebody has placed on yer head a sweet
wreath,
And made all around ye a rose-bed beneath.
But ye don't seem to know it is there—that
is strange—
I see lots of tears for awhile, but a change
Will come for the best, for see here—I can see
Ye sleepin'—and smiles where the tears used
to be.
That's all I kin see there to-day, but I'll tell
Ye somethin' to-morrow, if everything's well,
But now I must go—try to sleep if ye kin,"
And Manda's face beamed from her kind heart
within.

XII

"The sun is always shining,
If we are in its rays;
It knows no touch of darkness,
No night-divided days.

"We see it rise so brightly,
And watch its daily flight;
It's always bringing morning,
Or somewhere leaving night.

"Ah! could our spirit flitter
Before its magic blaze,
To greet the dawning brightness
It throws to meet our gaze!

"Though mountain peaks might hide it,
That stand against the sky,
The blazing light behind them
Will tell its presence nigh.

"Though heaven with clouds is laden,
It tints them with its fire,
Until they melt before it,
Like night as dawn creeps higher."

The doctor he listened when first he awoke;
He thought earth to heaven and heaven to earth spoke,
And following closer its source, he discovered
The sweet waves of song from the garden uncovered:
Chlorice, seeking strength from the morning's light shower,
And singing an ode to the sun, in a bower
Of roses that blended their perfume to float
To heaven with the song, as it left her white throat.
Then noiselessly dressing, he slipped to her side,
Before the song's echo to heaven had died,
And the glory of the morning had no charm for him there,
Above the loose waves of her golden hair;
No blue shone to earth from the heavenly skies,
Unless it reflected to him through her eyes,
And the pink from her cheek caught a rose-tinted flame,
That seemed to reflect to the roses their claim.
He clasped her—a kiss on her lips madly pressed,
And neither could speak in this stolen caress;
The look in his eyes cast a hypnotic spell,
That fastened the lips and the eyes as well.

And their veins seemed united, when all the strength left
Her weakened—him strengthened—to him when it crept,
And, leaving bereft of her power to resist,
It made him more helpless than her to desist.
His breath burnt to crimson her pink-tinted cheek;
All blood in her body, her face seemed to seek;
She staggered—her eyes lost their power to see,
So thrilled—overpowered by love's wild ecstasy.
Her breath slipped away from her—then a mad fear
Leaped into her heart, as he held her so near,
And with a mad struggle, his arms from her brushed,
Then crying hysterically—back to them rushed,
To seek their protection—his arms that could shield,
Though beg her the while to their wooing yield.
"No, no," she convulsively cried, and he smoothed
Her loose-fallen hair, while he petted and soothed
And nestled her closer—had streams crept so near,
Their passionate waters, all heedless of fear,
Would have rushed to each other, uniting as one,

Forever, as when their sweet union begun;
E'en though in their course they should branch
off again,
Each stream the sweet waters of both would
contain.
He said, "There—my sweetheart—don't fear
me, Chlorice;
You're mine—all mine—I shall never release
My arms that enfold you to me, my own;
You're mine, as the soil claims the seed to it
blown;
From now and forever, in body or mind,
My arms will caress you, forever to bind
Your soul unto mine, to my soul never lost;
I vow with these kisses, regardless of cost,
To love you—to have you—all mine, all mine!"
"I must go—see! Aunt Manda—she stands at
the gate;
'Tis breakfast time, come—we must not make
her wait;
She fails to behold us; this garden bower
Protects us from view with its vines and flower.
Oh, see!—e'en the streams from the morning
sun
Fail to reveal to its eyes anyone."
"Sweetheart, the vines and the flowers are blest,
Having my angel seek them for rest;
When you are within there's a greater light
shines

From under the bower than above its vines.
Ah! were I a sunflower—I fear this,
I'd turn to your eyes from the sun for bliss.
Ah! were I the ocean or great universe,
The mighty or good or everything worse,
The little molehill or the mighty peak,
Whatever there is—the strong or the weak,
Ah! were I their king—I would forfeit my power
To sit by your side in this rose-covered bower."
And they wound their way through the winding walks,
Where the sweet flowers smiled—their supporting stalks,
Indulging their buds to respond with a nod,
To greet the first rays of their life-giving God.

The glory of dawn only ushers in noon,
And then on to eventide, ah! all too soon,
But only to take the sweet sunshine away,
That we might behold it again the next day.
The blossoms of nature are beaten to earth,
Their short-lived existence is measured by worth,
They herald the oncoming fruit—then they're gone;
And then comes the rainfall to nourish it on.
There's never a joy springs to life, but first,
A blossom announces its heavenly burst;

There's never a growing to future gain,
Unless it is nourished by tears for rain,
And to feel the height of a full-blown rose
Is all that heaven to earth bestows;
And too much dark or too much light
Will rob us of our priceless sight.

And the morning to noon and to afternoon crept;
Chlorice in her solitude bitterly wept;
She walked on the threshold of heaven, and then
Met failure to enter—was snatched back again.
She lived the kiss over each hour in the day;
She felt his warm breath on her cheek the while stay,
And the hours dividing seemed ages compared
To the hour by his side, while his love she had shared.
And the joy of the present was dimmed by the thought
That bars stood between her and heaven she sought,
Allowing a view in the space there between;
Far better all bars than the space to be seen,
For through it the heavenly love was reflected,
And thrown to her heart, but its touch was rejected.
And as the sweet musk sends an odor—oh, then,

His presence remained till his coming again.
'Twas night—when the blinds of the homes are all drawn,
When Nature is garbed by the darkness brought on,
That all might seek shelter, retracing the track
They trod through the day like a ball bounding back.
To the fire in the grate when the evening is chill,
Surrounded by loved ones—if this fails to fill
Our hearts with contentment—there's something we miss—
Our hearts ever searching to bring it to this.
There's never a pleasure unless we must share
The pleasure with loved ones, we're one of a pair;
There's never a thing in itself made complete—
To give and receive and to equally mete
Is finding the key to our innermost selves,
That measures us joy from God's joy-laden shelves.
'Twas night—night at Kenwood; the mighty world shrank
To two—then was mighty—all else left a blank;
They envied the hours as they slipped by them, then,

Wished they could live them all over again.
Each kiss left an ethereal, newly-born feeling,
That bounded from one to the other stealing;
They tried to discover the innermost source,
That yielded the kisses to them in their course,
But failed to unfathom their endless supply,
For one leaped to birth in the last one's death sigh.
Each kiss soared to heaven like an angel's face,
That lighted the heaven through its endless space;
They flowed like a circle, whose retracing pen
Ne'er knows where to stop or begin again.
And each good-night kiss seemed unfinished, although
Each one knew that kisses could never bestow
To them one more thrill—there was nothing they missed,
But something they longed for to find as they kissed.
"But oh! this is madness, the gate stands ajar!
We neither should enter the pathway too far;
Chlorice, 'tis the love running riot," he said,
"That burns in our hearts; come, dear, rest your sweet head
Close, close to my breast—come, dear, sit by my side;
Let us dream of our love as it floats down the tide

Of life: see! you stand all in white, oh, so pure;
But yonder is something attempting to lure.
See! see! now it beckons,—'tis calling you, dear,
And now you are frightened; you tremble in fear.
Ah! now, now it watches your uplifted face;
It touches with sadness—some lines, leaves no trace!
And now,—see how strangely your smiles melt away!
A mournfulness hovers; each line must obey
Its magical touch. See! it smiles all the while
To eyes that it tinges with sorrow! Why smile,
To chisel such sadness, far deeper than face?
Why smile to mould tears that no smile could erase?
See! see, you are kneeling in prayer, your head bowed;
Behold! a soft light, streaming down through a cloud,
Revealing to you from the heavens above,
A sweet baby-face—'tis a child of love.
Oh! see how your hungry arms lift to the skies!
See! see! how its baby-face brightens your eyes!"
And oh, if the vision appeared to her then,
It shone from his eyes to her eyes—back again

Like soft streams of sunshine, whose rays magnify,
When creeping to darkness through curtains pushed by.
Her face seemed illumined; a heavenly light
Shone out from her soul like an angel's flight,
Warming to birth all it fell upon,
And wielding from night a most glorious dawn.
"Chlorice, come, my sweetheart, 'tis time to retire,
The fire's burning low in the grate; my desire
To linger here longer, for your sake must yield;
Your sleepy eyes, dear, must by slumber be healed.
Sweet dreams to you, dear, of our love, divine!
Oh, God! were the child of love, yours and mine!
Should God hear our calling, oh, would He condemn
Our hearts that are starving? or grant this boon them."

XIII

And as life goes along in its e'erlasting way,
Their lives went along from day to day;
She had much to bear, for she now was alone,
Bereft of her husband, who madly was thrown
And killed from the horse he was riding. Her mother
And sisters seemed all she had left, and no other
Could ever replace the same love each one offered
Or ever unwind the great love each one proffered.
The winter, it passed in its dreary way,
And spring rolled around once again with its lay
Of spring-time's real music, which never fails
To sing its sweet song, as Time onward sails.
Kenwood was just bursting forth into bloom,
Deserted each winter, it now cast the gloom
Away like the sun melts the fog that falls low,
Consuming the mist by its gleaming glow.
Sam had been raking for weeks to prepare
The gardens for summer; and Manda was there
To brighten the house from its winter's sleep,
To open the shutters that sunshine might peep,
To chase out the shadows of Kenwood it found
Had crept to its corners in absence of sound.

But for over a week its great walls had resounded
With chatter and laughter, that danced and rebounded
From attic to cellar. The long dreary time
From autumn to spring made the summer-time rhyme
Seem greater than ever—as forces restrained
Rebound with more power when their freedom is gained.
But something was missing to Doctor De Clue;
The light of the sun never seemed to shine through
The mist of his heart since Chlorice had been there;
Since Kenwood had sheltered her, oh, such a tear
Of loneliness haunted him; all through the day
He longed for her, and through the night the same way.
The whole world in bloom seemed a desert compared
To one barren spot, if her presence he shared.
And now he must watch; her accouchment was near,
—Must sacrifice all to protect her—to hear
The first baby cry of his own stirred his heart
To madness!—If only he could so impart

The sweet words to her as she suffered for
him—
"It is mine!—it is ours!—" no shadow could
dim
The great ray of light that her soul flashed to
him.
Each day he would send her a bouquet of
flowers;
It brightened her heart through the waiting
hours;
And often at night he would walk past her
home,
His heart, so bewildered, sought comfort to
roam,
If just to be near her, and feel the same air
He breathed might have floated from her to him
there.
And he wandered and wandered in body and
soul,
Both knowing, yet daring not seek his heart's
goal.
He felt the protector of both—oh, to share
Her love—with the baby now under her care!
He watched for the time when her illness would
bring
His sweetheart to him—just to feel one slight
cling
To him for protection meant much to him then,
If he could enlighten her suffering.

Men
Are helpful to women, when suffering is tense,
When woman's strength wanes, then man lends
in defense;
He seems to withhold until then a reserve
For her to replenish her fast-ebbing nerve.
And when June ushered in its most glorious
days,
Betwixt and between—long before the sun's
rays
Announce it is summer—yet after they bring
A balmy perfume, that must follow spring,
Chlorice sought her room at the hospital, where
She first met the doctor, and now she was there
Again in his care—yet so different now;
How long years of longing and wanting will
bow
The heart to submission to give up the quest
In search of the love that brings hopeless un-
rest!
She lived the years over from then until now;
She dreamed of the time when he first stroked
her brow,
And held her white hand while he lovingly
gazed
Upon her flushed face when her thoughts were
so dazed.
She dreamed it again, then a song she once
heard,

Leaped up to her throat, and the song to voice stirred:—
"His eyes gazed in mine, and I feared mine would say
To him all my thoughts that I had that day;
My eyes drooped to hide, but a blush then arose
And spoke to him still, though my eyes drooped to close;
My hands he then clasped and I tried to conceal
What my eyes and my blush had begun to reveal,
But my fast-beating pulse continued to tell
Of the love I thought hidden within my heart well.
A kiss on my lips he then gently pressed,
And my secret I held was then by him guessed,
And the silence seemed sweet to us both that day;
'Tis love that makes heaven on earth—let us say,
And when there is love—all night turns to day."
She sang the song over and over again;
It seemed to respond to a note she felt then,
And softly she changed the sweet tune and the key,
And sang this sweet song in her love's reverie:
"To kiss you, ah! should I this moment know this,

That death would be mine for that last hour of bliss,
I would sweetly recline in your arms' gentle clasp,
And would bask in the death that held me in its grasp;
I would give you my lips in that last hour of bliss,
To sip all their sweetness they held in their kiss,
And would die in a heaven, though on earth it would be,
That would pay for a heaven of eternity."
The doctor had listened; each word as it fell,
Had reached to his heart. "Is my sweetheart well?"
He said as he sat down beside her.
"Oh, yes,
But my thoughts wandered far away, I must confess,
Retraced the long path I have trod—and my song
Leaped up from the past—from the memories long,
Leaped up from the flowers that had withered and died,
Their fumes from the leaves of their memories sighed.

And if any grief lingered, it lingered beneath
The scent of the flowers, and was crowned with their wreath,
And my thoughts tried uncover, in quest of regret,
But the more they researched, by more perfume were met,
Until they were lost in a heaven of scent,
And slept in a reverie its memory lent.
But the perfume still lingers—for every flower's death,
Another awaits to inhale its last breath,
And the rose-covered sorrows, though great be their mound,
Are mighty when sorrows with roses are found.
The heart that has suffered for love, only grows
To greatness through sorrow—for sorrow bestows
A wreath, until then, that the heart never knows."
But the doctor was worried—Chlorice near the veil
That marks the division of life;—on the scale
Whose weights hold the balance, and one is called Death,
The other is Life—and existence is Breath,
That sometimes takes flight like a flash, and then,

Never re-enters the body again.
He patiently waited: the morn crept to night,
He counted the hours on their tardy flight,
And great the suspense while the balance hung;
No trace of a quiver as the weights firmly clung.
But soon they began in their battle for life;
They swayed back and forth in their mighty strife,
And the measure of Life added more to its weight
From Love as it coated its depths innate.
—And the battle extended to dawn's first light,
And then a sweet babe sprang to earth in its flight,
And with its first cry, shouted, "I am Love,
And burst to existence from heaven above,
And the law of God is greater than
The law on earth, that's made by man."

XIV

The weeks passed away—each week on as before;
Each week found the chain on her neck that she wore;
Its tiny gold heart heard her heart's beats each day,

And she list in turn to hear its dear heart say
Its wild words of love—and her heart whispered low,
"I love—oh, how useless to say 'Nay, not so.' "
She watched his hair streak with the first hairs of gray,
And loved him more still as the white hairs held sway.
But oh! such a longing—her heart ever crying
For him; though it beat—it was day by day dying.
Her babe, as it grew, seemed to her more endeared;
She watched every breath for its welfare—she feared
Some sickness might rob her—were she so bereft
Of all—all that brightened the heart she had left,
How could she exist!—thus she thought—and a flutter
Leaped up in her heart, beating fear it failed utter.
And then she considered, how happy—how blest,
If only the babe was her hungry heart's quest;
To rob her of everything else, and to leave
Her babe—this alone was enough to receive;
And she crooned a song to its sleeping ears,

And this is the song that absorbed all her tears:

"Go to sleep, little one, while mother sings
Of all the joy that your little self brings;
Close your soft eyes so the sun can't reflect
Sunshine to waken you, while I protect.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, mother's dear,
Sleep in my arms that hold you near,
Rest near my heart; let my heart within
Beat to the end what your love made begin.

"Oh, such a love has awakened my heart,
Never to sleep again, since you are part,
Tiny—though tiny—your love wraps around
The world great and mighty, there, you can be found.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, asleep or awake,
Your mother is near and will never forsake;
Sleep, baby, sleep in the bed of my heart,
List to the song that you hear it impart."

But joy is for all, but the great wheel of Time
Turns slowly, and each one must wait for the chime

That rings to distribute our blessings and share,
And sometimes we watch ere the spoke of joy's there.
But great are the spokes that revolve in this wheel,
And blessed should we be, when we list to the peal
Announcing to us we are counted there,
Reaping with others all blessings we share.

When baby was three, then the mighty chain
That bound them in heaven was gilded again
By the tie of man—but the strength was the same,
No stronger—yet bronzed for the earthly gaze,
To move with the laws of the earthly ways.
And Chlorice was the vine—and Doctor De Clue
The tree that enfolded the vine when it grew,
And the babe was the blossom that burst to bloom
From the vine that entwined for the tree to consume.

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